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BUDS OF POESY.

By B. R. Steadley.

"Adolescentem verecundum esse decet."—PLAUTUS.

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TO THE

MEMORY OF MY FATHER.

GUIDO AND LEONORA.

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GUIDO AND LEONORA.

I.

OH, 'tis most pleasing in the dark blue night
To mark the rolling stars, and trace the way
Of loveliest Dian, who, so calmly bright,

Doth light the Heavens with her pale cold ray ;
Or, on some cliff, beneath whose cloud-capt height
The rocks are beaten by the raging spray,
To watch the rising storm, and list the sound
Of furious rushing winds that sweep around.

II.

Oh, 'tis most pleasing, in some shady bower,
In sweets of love to chase the time away,
To meet thy true-love at the appointed hour,
By some smooth lake, lit by the sun's last ray,
As wand'ring on, she plucks the tell-tale flower
To tempt thy truth, in fascinating play ;
The look so soft, the deep and searching eye
To know thy heart, thy eager love to try.

III.

But sweeter far is that true love than these,
Which holier made by Hymen's nuptial tye,
Delighteth e'er in fond attempts to please,
And feeleth pain when either heaves a sigh ;
This is the love which brings such pleasing ease
To the warm heart, and ever-beaming eye ;
This is the love, which brings such pure delight,
Or in the sunny day, or moon-beam'd night.

IV.

Then shall this love so faithful be my theme,
And I will sing of two, who loved so well,
Their lives did pass like to some fairy dream,
Till fell misfortune broke the sacred spell,
And then came sorrow, pain, and grief extreme,
And melancholy, for I fain must tell
Their sadder moments, and not dwell alone
On those bright hours, when they no grief had known.

V.

Now to my tale. In Genoa's sunny clime,
Near where the waves do make a pleasant bay,
And in the grey mist towers the Apennine,
There stands a castle, old, and in decay,
Whose inmates oft the rocky heights would climb,
Or launch their frail bark in the salt-sea spray,
Or hunt, or hawk, as gaily rose the morn,
And broke the mountain air, the loud-resounding horn.

VI.

In this same castle of Lavagna dwelt
The brave Count Guido, and his lovely bride,
Fair Leonora, to whom oft he'd knelt,
And secret breathed his vows at eventide,
In some lone bower, when every sound did melt
Upon the balmy breeze, and distant died
In echoing murmurs : this, their early love,
And still its heaven-born charms, their ev'ry thought inwove.

VII.

Upon the bay, "at witching time of night,"
They oft alone in lightsome bark would sail,
And they would gaze upon the moon so bright,
Which threw its rays around Genoa's vale,
And tipp'd the mountains with a faint still light,
Which charm'd the eye so beautifully pale,
As wandering on in silence o'er the skies
She seemed to stay her course to listen to their sighs.

VIII.

The flute's lone sound did beauteous move along
The deep blue waters, and soft music's strain
Responsive rose to the seducing song
Of love's bright passion, and then rose again
In distant murmurs, the tall hills among,
And still rolled on in one continued chain,
Till echo spoke no more, and 'gain the sound
Shot o'er the rippling waves, and whispered all around.

IX.

Oh! happy scene, what ever new delight,
As in their little bark they sat reclined,
Wrapt in the joys of love so pure and bright;
That love, the smiling ruler of mankind,
That love in which the brave adventurous knight
When wars are o'er, a pleasing rest doth find:
A smiling solace, and a calm retreat
From warfare's horrors, and the battle's heat.

X.

The smooth clear waters murmured underneath,
And sweetly flowed their murmurs to the strain,
It was a sound, as of some fairy breath,
Which mournful, of its sorrows did complain :
It was a sound as of the song of death
Breathed o'er some dying spirit of the main :
A heavenly melody, which moved along,
In sweet accord with Leonora's song.

XI.

And many a summer's sun had aye returned,
And many a happy year had rolled away,
And still their bosoms with such ardour burned,
That love still held its undisputed sway :
Ne'er, ne'er their thoughts from its pure pleasure turned :
Oh ! how could grief such loving hearts betray !
But joy on earth was never known to last ;
It fleeth as it cometh, and is past.

XII.

Count Guido, of Lavagna, I must tell,
Possess'd much power in that rock-crested isle,
Fair Corsica, where sinks the beauteous dell
Between the mountains, on whose heights the while
The hunter's shouts do toll the piteous knell
Of the poor stag, when morning's first rays smile
And tinge the mountains with a softened grey,
The pale yet lovely harbinger of day.

XIII.

Ill-fated spot ! for now rebellion dire
In sullen murmurs round its sea-beat shore
Did spread contagious, and the slumb'ring fire
Of civil discord, roused the cannon's roar,
To feed with sweet revenge destructive ire,
And satiate with blood the dogs of war :
To waste, in horrid carnage, Nature's charms,
And frighten Peace from earth, with war's alarms.

XIV.

Now had the tidings reached Lavagna's halls,
And each fond dream of love had passed away ;
To arms, to arms, the *warrior* Honour calls,
And now Count Guido may no longer stay ;
He leaves his home, he leaves the tow'ring walls
Of his loved castle, and unto the spray
Has launched his vessel, and his bride alone
Within her turret chamber mourns that he is gone.

XV.

'Twas at the portal they did bid farewell :
'Twas there she wept her sad and parting tear :
'Twas there he felt, what those alone can tell,
Who once have left all that their hearts hold dear
Perhaps for ever ; and that aching spell,
Which bindeth lovers with a silent fear
Of dangers yet afar, and dreams of woe,
Which those of blunter feelings never know.

XVI.

Oh, how shall words describe that parting hour ?

The time her love was best, was truest, shown ;

How sad she sat in her deserted bower,

And started oft to find herself alone ;

Then turned, and thoughtless plucked some wandering flower,

And silent listened to the wind's low moan :

Poor maid ! as if the trembling gale would bear

Her lover's farewell to his maiden there.

XVII.

A year had gone. The battle's fearful rage

Had now subsided to the charms of peace,

No more Count Guido did the warfare wage,

But taught, victorious, his brave knights to cease

From deeds unwarlike, and to mild assuage

The orphan's sorrows, and the deep distress

Of the lone widow, whose best hopes had fled,

Her long-loved husband mingled with the dead.

XVIII.

Now did his hopes rise once again, to view
Those beauteous features he had loved so long:
Now did he hope his trophies rich to strew
Before his lady, 'mid the menial throng;
And 'gain, beneath his native sky's deep blue,
To guide his bark his native shores along.
Thus buoyed by Hope, he'd walk upon the shore,
And fancy well-loved sounds in every billow's roar,

XIX.

Look on the line which bounds the sea and sky,
And mark some dusky spot—some land in sight;
And call it Genoa. With upturned eye
He'd form the clouds into his mountains white,
All crown'd with snow, and 'neath their forms descry
His castle's outline, on whose topmost height
A fair frail form, in fancy, on the wind
Would float a scarf, her husband's bark to find.

XX.

One day, thus bent, he stroll'd along the shore,
Musing, and wrapt in thought, when suddenly
He heard behind a voice, recounting o'er
The fate of some lone maid, who mournfully
Did die for love ; it had instinctive power,
And made him list for more ; so by and by,
The voice did tell her name, and on his ear
Breathed the cold sound—'twas her he loved most dear.

XXI.

Around their lord the servants quickly came,
And bore him home, fall'n in a death-like swoon :
An hour elapsed, and he revived again,
Alas, to know his sorrows but too soon :
And grief did urge him to the turbid main,
Nor could aught now his fix'd intent postpone ;
Straight, in the ship, he spreads the flapping sail,
And Leonora's name seems borne on every gale.

XXII.

Yes, there she sits so lonely in her room,
Looking around the drear and wat'ry waste,
To find some sail amid the murky gloom,
As 'neath the moon the drifting vapours haste.
Yes ! there she sits, but gone is all her bloom—
Gone is her beauty's power, and at last
She moves not, feels not, but with fixed eye
Gazes on land, and sea, and deep blue sky.

XXIII.

And why thus sits the lady all so true?
Why is her beauty faded from her cheek?
Why does she weep ; then stay and weep anew?
And why her look so sorrowful—so meek ?
Ah ! she has heard a tale of wond'rous woe:
List at that sound—that shrill and piercing shriek—
And is it true? And has her lover died,
At such a distance from his lovely bride ?

XXIV.

Alas ! alas ! report hath reached her ear,
That, 'mid the tumult of the fight, he fell—
And left her all alone—so sad and drear—
Without a friend his early fate to tell ;
And now she's gone, urged on by trembling fear,
To cross the mighty wave, and hear the knell
Of him, her heart's sole love, and weep alone
Upon his tomb, that she would share full soon.

XXV.

There is an island off the Tuscan shore,
Gorgona named : a barren rocky spot :—
Around this isle the stormy sea did roar :
Waves curled aloft, and dashed in contest hot
'Gainst hidden rocks—concentrating their power,
As if to pass earth's boundary—ah, what
A stormy night was that, each bursting cloud
Poured torrents forth—the thunders rolled aloud.

XXVI.

What forms are those, that pierce the dark'ning gloom,
That rise and fall upon the foaming wave ?
Two lonely wrecks, that wait their wretched doom,
And all their crew have met a wat'ry grave ;
How many fallen in their early bloom
How many lost,—the noble, great and brave.
And is not one saved from the cruel deep ?
Is not one left his comrades' fate to weep ?

XXVII.

Ah ! look, what yon huge wave hath cast on land—
Two forms lie senseless on the pebbled shore :
And now they move, and try in vain to stand,
And gasping, shudder at the billow's roar ;
Then gaze upon each other—wave the hand,
Clasp in embrace and fall—to rise no more ;
Ah ! who shall hide them deep beneath the sand—
Who sing a dirge upon that rocky strand ?

XXVIII.

No ! the salt wave alone shall cover o'er
Their bodies with the sand, and the sole song
Of mourning pity shall oft be the roar
Of clatt'ring elements, whose discord strong
Shall end in murmurs—and the pitying shore
Shall weep, and bear the lonely sound along.
There lie the lovers, lock'd in close embrace,
The guardian spirits of this silent place !

XXIX.

Here let me stay—their fate has now been told ;
These lovers true are gone to happier clime :
Then shed no tear, the kind complaint withhold ;
Their souls were spotless, for they knew no crime,
And they are gone where heav'nly joys unfold
The realms of purer happiness, to climb
The hills of holy love and sacred rest,
Borne to a brighter home, where they most sure are blest.

P O E M S.

A FRAGMENT.

Charles.—'TWAS on that night, I went to see the play,
And as I sat amused within my box,
Mine eyes did wander from the scene, and gazed
Around the mighty phalanx of the fair
Assembled there that night.

But shall I tell, how there I saw a maid
Whose beauteous visage struck me to the heart.
She was a foreigner—her tightened hair
Told not of England's shores—she was a maid
Of sunny Normandy—and as she sat,
I saw one glist'ning tear down from her eye
Fall rolling on her cheek, the while she gazed
Upon the affecting scene. Mine eye met hers—
And in that moment I drank more of bliss
Than e'er my love-sick soul had felt before.

Oh, Robert ! if thou'dst seen her, as I did,
Thou would'st have loved her too—so beautiful—
Yet Innocence herself,—sweet, lovely girl.
That night I slept not—though, in waking dreams,
She still was near me, and I often thought
I heard the loud and full-toned music sound
Along the vaulted roofs, and in her eye
I still perceived the falling, glist'ning tear.

Ne'er since have I forgotten that one night,
But years have rolled away, and still I feel
The pangs of my lone love, as it were now
But yesterday.

I've never seen her since.

ON SOLITUDE.

SWEET Solitude, how oft in silent mood
Have I thy blessings sought, when music-full
The forest sounded with the songs of birds ;
And now and then a bee would hasten by,
Humming its joyous note, and laden deep
With honied sweets—how pleasing then to sit,
And musing think on Nature's varied works :
List'ning the while, a clear brook's murmuring
Beneath the alder tree, whose branches through
The soft wind sighed—a pure romantic shade—
These, these thy quiet joys, Celestial Solitude.

Or, climbing some high cliff,
As morning breaks upon the eastern sky,
I sit, and mark the spreading streaks of light
That tinge the fleeting clouds ; and mountains trace

Rising on mountains, 'mid their vast expanse ;
Whilst deep below, the rocking billows toss,
And court the morning beams : descending, then,
From the high rock unto the pebbled beach,
I've watched the coming wave, which curled aloft,
And dashed, with thundering sound, upon the shore,
Lost in its own white foam : and I have turned
Back to a quiet vale ; and on my ear
Struck the deep sound of a slow-tolling bell,
Which called the swains to prayer : so then I've gone
Upon a lofty crag, which overlooked
The quiet village.—'Neath my earnest eye
Did old men, tottering in their walk, and youths,
And blushing maidens pass, with little children
Playfully running near—it was the Sabbath day ;
And all was happiness : and as I gazed upon them,
My heart was moved within me, and I wept :
It was so pleasing thus to see God's creatures
Gay, innocent, and good.

—— But chief, sweet Solitude, thy charm
Is in the deep, dark night, when every thing

Is wrapt in silence, and I, all alone,
Stand lost in thought, with wonder-stricken eye,
Gazing above upon a thousand stars,
Lost in whose rays a thousand systems roll,
Each in its measured orb, sustained on high
By that "Great Spirit" which pervades the whole.

'Tis then my soul mounts high above the earth,
And I look down below, surveying all,
And thinking how, when this world is no more,
Our spirits swift shall cleave the ætherial blue,
And float in endless space.

SONNETS ON FAME.

The memories of the great spirits, who have at various times illumined the world with their presence, may be likened to brilliant spots in the heavens which are always shining before the eyes of mankind ; for they brighten the mental world with a radiance, which is far above all terrestrial things, and which, as long as this world endures, can never fade or die.

I.

WHERE are they now, the brave, the good, the strong,
There stands no pile to mark their quiet grave ;
Yet still they live, crown'd in immortal song,
Which hath alone the mighty power to save
The great from dark oblivion, and prolong
Each deed long-past to the world's wond'ring gaze,
Who read, admire, and praise the aspiring song,
Blessing the hero of its sacred lays :

And they shall live, yea 'till the world's no more ;
 'Till verse and virtue sink in endless time,
The bard's shrill song shall pierce the thunder's roar,
 And, like the snow in coldest northern clime,
Pure and untainted shall his words remain,
Nor sacrilegious hand dare his great song prophane.

II.

For who that looks around the mighty space
 Of present, past, and future, can deny
That he would wish to fill some lofty place,—
 Some beauteous spot afar in the blue sky ;
To which, in times to come, each mortal eye
 Would fondly turn, admiring days of old
When such a being lived, whose harmony
 Could in sweet lambent verse such deeds unfold,
How many radiant spots already shine
 In brilliant glory o'er the heavens wide :
Both Homer, Virgil, Dante, bards divine,
 And names of dearer import by their side.
Yes, there the mighty forms of Milton dwell,
And sweetest Shakspeare's notes the sombre shades dispel.



SIR AMADAN
AND THE
FAIR GUILLIADINE.
A TALE.



SIR AMADAN AND THE FAIR GUILLIADINE ;

OR THE

MOUNTAIN OF THE TWO LOVERS.

“THE moon hath risen from the sea,
And plays upon the waves so green ;
Oh Hubert, tell that tale to me,
You promised yestere'en :
The story of yon lofty mount,
Which seems almost to pierce the sky,
And o'er those quiet homes beneath
Frowneth so drearily.”
The Minstrel touch'd his trembling lyre,
And gazed upon the moonlit sea ;
Then turned to where the loved one sat,
And whispered tenderly :

“ Sweet Maid, the tale you wish to hear
Is sad and mournful in its close,
And ere I end my song, I fear
Thy limbs will need repose.”

“ Oh Hubert, fear not thus for me,
For I could stay for ever here ;
So blest, to list thy voice, and know
That thou art sitting near.”

The minstrel kiss'd his lovely bride,
Ran through the chords of harmony,
And thus began the mournful tale
Of Guilliadine of Normandy.

I.

“ The red flag fluttered in the breeze
O'er proud King Hoel's castle wall,
And shouts of mirth and revelry
Resounded from the hall.
That night the beauteous Guilliadine
Was seated high in queenly state ;

A hundred suitors from afar,
 Around the castle's portals wait.
The hundred suitors from afar
 Will soon depart from Hoel's land,
For none will dare the arduous task
 To gain the maiden's hand :
For through the plains of Normandy,
King Hoel issued this decree :
That none should seek his daughter's hand,
But he, who at the king's command,
From yonder rich and fertile plain,
Whose banks are watered by the Seine,
Would in his arms his daughter fair
To yon high mountain's summit bear.
All slow retired—for never yet
Had man on its brow his footsteps set.
The craggy steep, so threat'ning frown'd,
To all it seemed forbidden ground,
And Terror oft would fancy cries
At midnight thence to rend the skies.

II.

The feast was spread in the castle hall;

Both valiant knights from far countrie,
And barons bold and proud were there,

And many a fair ladie.

But brightest of all in that festive scene

Was the lovely maiden Guilliadine ;

And she sat by the side of her father there,

All that was beautiful, bright, and fair ;

Oh, she was beauteous as morning's beam,

And fair as a youthful painter's dream ;

Her hair, which in rich clusters fell

Around her lovely neck of snow,

Was fair as the feathery cloud which spreads

Its bosom beneath the sun's rich glow :

Oh soft and pensive was the grace

That spread all o'er her blushing face,

While the rose and the lily in beauty strove,

And the light of her eyes was the light of love.

III.

How brightly shines the taper's light
From yonder high and lonely tower :
What being is so lone to-night
At this gay festive hour ?
The maiden has left the banquet hall,
And to her turret chamber gone :
And there, retired from vulgar eye,
She sits and sighs alone.
Oh speed thee then, Sir Amadan :
Thy own true love awaiteth thee :
Her eyes now seek thy little bark
Upon the stormy sea.

IV.

The night was dark, the roaring sea
In foam-becrested fury rolled :
Oh can the fear, the agony
Of Guilliadine be told !

She gazes out upon the sky,

And then in haste retires again :

And prays her lover's bark may ride

Safe o'er the troubled main.

Her prayers were heard—a low, still sound

Is borne along the fitful blast ;

And now, by glare of lightning flash,

She sees his boat at last.

A minute flown—Sir Amadan

Has scaled the steep and craggy tower,

Within whose topmost walls enshrined

Dwelleth earth's fairest flower.

Oh, there was mingling then of sighs,

And looks said more than words can say ;

And still they gazed, as if they'd gaze

Each other's eyes away.

“ And do I clasp thee now at last ?

“ Oh, heaven, 'tis worth a world of woe,

“ That all my fears, my dangers past

“ I thus may feel thy cheek's warm glow :

- “ My own—my love—my Guilliadine,
“ How have I thought of this one hour,
“ When I should come to bear thee hence
“ From Hoel’s cruel power.”
- “ No, no, dear Amadan,” she cried,
“ Oh thus it may not, cannot be ;
“ I would not leave my father so,
“ For all the world could offer me ;
“ Oh no, ’twould break his aged heart,
“ When thinking I am here alone,
“ He comes to sooth and comfort me,
“ To find his daughter gone.”
- “ Sweet Guilliadine,” the knight replied,
“ I would not *tear* thee from his side,
“ If but thou say’st thou wilt not go:
“ Thy word to me is law—it shall be so.
“ But why this cruel, harsh decree ?
“ My hopes will ever blighted be ;
“ Ascend yon mount no mortal can ;
“ It is impossible to man.”

- “ Oh no! ’twas not in cruelty
“ My father made this sad decree ;
“ It was because so many came
“ Who had no virtues but their name :
“ Lovers, perchance, whose plighted vow
“ Has oft been broken, long ere now ;
“ It was to try these heartless men
“ My father used this stratagem.
“ But fear not thou, my Amadan,
“ For I can tell thee of a plan
“ By which thou mayst achieve the deed,
“ And me thy bride to the altar lead.
“ I have an aunt, who near Salerno dwells ;
“ And there, immured within her secret cells,
“ She studies all the hidden powers
“ Of herbs and roots, and blossomed flowers ;
“ And well I know she can procure
“ A draught that will success ensure ;
“ Then go, Sir Amadan, and see
“ What hopes await our destiny :

“ The storm has cleared away, and now
“ ‘The ocean wears a placid brow ;
“ And the stars, that gleam so bright in air,
“ Are nearly as bright reflected there.”
She stopt, for the sound of the castle bell
Told the hour when they must bid farewell ;
She gazed in his face with a tearful eye,
While thus the warrior made reply :
“ One kiss, my Guilliadine, adieu,
“ My heart will ever rest with you :
“ See yonder in the clear blue sky,
“ How bright is the star of our destiny ;
“ It shines o’er us now as it ever will shine,
“ And the day is not distant when thou wilt be mine.
“ Once more adieu, my Guilliadine,
“ My bark rocks on the waters green,
“ And I must go—farewell again,
“ I soon shall reach the watery main.”
He turned, and kissed his last adieu ;
Then through the open casement flew :

She heard the sound of the splashing oar :
It died away—she heard no more.

V.

The morn was bright, and a cloudless sky
O'erspread the plains of Normandy ;
The sun had just tinged the highest hill,
And even Nature's voice was still ;
When a warrior knight, at a courier's speed,
Passed o'er the plain on his coal-black steed :
He seemed from home and friends to fly,
And his face was turned towards Italy.

* * * * *
* * * * *

VI.

No longer in solstitial power
Courses the sun its onward way,
And since I left fair Guilliadine
'Tis many a month, and many a day.

A trumpet cracks the silent air—

What means that loud prolonged blast?

A knight has come to claim her hand,

And she will be a bride at last.

Yes, the blue eyes of Guilliadine

Have met those of her own true knight,

Who from his wand'rings has returned

To bear her up the mountain's height.

Oh! there is joy in the castle hall,

And bright are the eyes of Guilliadine ;

But why is she so pale and thin ?

So faded a form was never seen.

I will tell thee why her cheeks are pale,

And why her form so slight has grown :

Since her lover left her in the tower,

Her lips scarce ought of food have known :

She has wasted herself to the thinness of air,

That her lover's task may be easier far.

VII.

The morn that basks in the sun's warm light
Is oft with clouds beset ere noon ;
And when nature is stillest, and heaven is bright,
The vessel is gulphed in the fierce monsoon.
Oh, joy, where is thy dwelling-place ?
Where, where thy halls of light ?
No smiles e'er beamed in mortal face
But they met with sorrow's blight.
How soon youth's pleasant dream is o'er —
How soon its joys are gone ;
It fadeth like a summer flower,
And leaves us all alone.
'Tis memory lends its magic hue
To the hours when we were gay,
And makes us feel with fond regret
That all has passed away :
It mingles with each changing view—
It whispers on the wind :

“ Such days of joy as you have seen
You ne’er again will find.”

This world it is a world of woe,
Of misery and pain ;
We’ve past some happy hours, but know
They cannot come again.

VIII.

The day was fixed—the hour was come—
A hundred tents in proud display,
With colours floating in the breeze,
Round Pistrein’s lofty mountain lay.
The shouts of many multitudes,
Who had assembled there ;
And the clang of martial instruments
Were rising on the air.
King Hoel sat in his tent, with all
His warriors on each side,
And in the midst stood Amadan,
The knight, and his lovely bride.

It was a beauteous sight to see
That young and happy pair ;
The warrior, with his arm around
The maiden young and fair.
Oftimes each other, oft the scene
Their tear-dimmed eyes survey :
'Tis the tear of joy that dims their eye,
But shed—then wiped away.
How proudly stands that warrior knight,
How bright his eagle glance
Surveys around the forest huge,
Of spear and tasselled lance ;
And brighter beams his eagle glance
The fated moment nigh :
The maiden's lips in silence move—
She breathes a prayer on high.
The sound of music died away,
The mighty crowd was still,
And every eye in earnest gaze
Was turned upon the hill.

A trumpet sounds—Sir Amadan,
In one arm bears his bride,
And with the vial in his hand,
He gains the mountain's side:
Swift as an arrow from the bow
He bears her up on high—
But, ah!—his head begins to whirl,
And dimmed is his once bright eye.
“ Oh, taste the draught,” cried Guilliadine,
“ Taste while our hopes remain :
“ ’Twill quite revive your wearied limbs,
“ And bring your strength again.”
He heedeth not her gentle words—
He heedeth not her cries ;
But maddened, rushes on to gain
By his own strength, the prize.
His hand still held the untasted draught,
Still, still, he onward sped—
But see—he totters—one long gasp—
He falls—he falls—he's dead.

One stifled sob the maiden gave—

One spirit-broken moan—

She leaned her head upon his breast,

She sigh'd—her spirit's flown.

Oh, there was rushing then in haste,

And hurrying to and fro :

But the King himself, as marble stood,

Struck by this sudden woe.

At length, when from this trance aroused,

He sadly climbed the mountain height,

And gazed upon his silent child,

It was a mournful sight :

The tears were flowing thick and fast

Adown his aged face,

And a broken-hearted man he turned,

And left that silent place.

That night the lovers true were laid

Within a marble tomb ;

And ever since around their grave

Sweet summer flowers bloom :

Sweet summer flowers, which, as they tell,

Immediate covered all the ground ;

Where the marvellous vial broken fell,

And shed its odours round.

My tale is finished, gentle girl,

Thou weepest for these lovers true :

Oh, heaven, I pray, a happier lot

May be in store for me and you ;

But if God wills it otherwise,

And sorrow is our portioned lot,

Still, still, no power my love shall change,

Dear maid, thou ne'er shalt be forgot.

The minstrel ceased, and all was still,

Save the low murmurs of the sea ;

And gentle winds, which in their tones

Vied with his own wild minstrelsy.

He kissed away the glist'ning tears

Which fell adown the maiden's face ;

And sad, but happy in their grief,
They left that lonesome place.
Slowly he led her steps along
Towards her native dell;
And with one long and fond embrace
He bade his love farewell.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE SONG OF THE FORSAKEN ONE.

WHY have you staid so long away ?

My Edmund, why away from me ?

You have not been for many a day,

And my heart's sad for want of thee ;

You used to come so often, love,—

You used to sit by me at e'en,

And tell me tales of days gone by,

And lands where you had been.

Oh come, my Edmund, come to me,

My heart is sad for want of thee.

II.

I've wreathed many a flow'ry band,
To place around thy temples, dear ;
While watching from our lonely strand
The bark I hoped might bring thee here.
I've walked along those cliffs, where oft
In sweet converse we wandered on :
I've fancied thou wert by me then,
But, ah ! it was but fancy's dream,
And I am all alone.
Oh come, my Edmund, come to me,
My heart is sad for want of thee.

III.

Ere long, my Edmund, thou'lt be told
That I no longer live for thee ;
My heart is broke at thy delay,
And soon shall I beneath the green sod be.

Oh, Edmund, are those vows forgot,

 You gave when first you called me thine ?

And has some other maid ensnared

 The heart that should be wholly mine ?

Oh come, my Edmund, come, or I shall die :

 My heart is wearing quickly to decay :

For how can I live, when the being who

 Is all my life, does stay so far away.

Oh come, my Edmund, come to me,

 My heart is broken, love, for want of thee.

EVENING.—A SKETCH.

'Tis Eve's lone stilly hour. The chirping voice
Of Nature's choir is silent—save the note
Of soaring skylark, who, high poised in air,
Radiant with light, still higher wings his course,
To bask one moment longer in the rays
Of the fast-setting sun. Upon the air
Comes the loud humming of some laggard bee,
As, last of all her hive, she homeward bears
The sweets of many flow'rs. Not heard till now,
By yon green meadow, does the village brook
Murmur its pebbly music, as it winds
Amid the grove, where now the gay laburnum

Dangleth its golden tresses in the air :
And blossomed hawthorns, with their roseate flower,
Scatter their vernal perfumes on the wind.

A fanning breeze is rising o'er the lake
Rippling its waters into puny waves,
Which beat the pebbled bank. The winding path
Which skirts yon mountain's brow, has lone become,
And all around is still.

The sun hath set ;
And rising from the west, yon crimsoned cloud,
Retiring farther up the evening sky,
Seems sailing into night—how silently
The red tinge fadeth from its fleecy breast.
Onward it floateth 'neath the bright'ning moon,
Whose rays have bathed it in a paler hue :
As some young rose-cheeked beauty (when despair
Hath dimmed the brightness of her younger years)
Pineth and pineth silently away,
Pale as the lily's blossom.
The stars are bursting from their azure home

And beaming bright, as on Creation's eve,
No longer lingers in the western sky
The yellow sunset ; in grey streaks, the clouds,
From the far Orient to the darkening west,
Have ribbed the sky. Along the far horizon
Dark rolling masses, rising o'er each other,
Hide the green glimmerings of departed day.
And pale, in heaven, the moon now reigns serene,
Throwing her still rays o'er yon coppiced wood
In streams of liquid silver. This the hour
Th' angelic spirits of this lower earth,
In mossy dell, or heath, or fragrant grove,
Wake their glad songs of adoration,—meet
For Heaven's and Earth's Creator. Hear you not
The myriad hummings which around us rise,
Giving a voice to silence.

'Tis the hour
When the heart sigheth for another world.

SERENADE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

HIST ! my love she sleepeth !
Plays the foliage in the wind ;
Breathes the sweet rose unconfined
Purple fulness on the air,
Sleeping sweet and fair.

Soft ! she sleepeth still !
'The rippling brook doth kiss each flower ;
It is the starry midnight hour ;
And fleeting clouds the moon conceal,
As onwardly they steal.

Hist ! she calmly sleepeth !
The nightingale to gloom does fly,
And warbles to the moonlit sky,
Or calls its mate from neighbouring tree,
As I now call to thee.

Soft ! my love still sleepeth !
Night is fading fast away,
O rise, my loved one, e'er 'tis day.
Soon the red-striped morn will break,
Gentle love ! awake.

HORACE.

ODE 22.—BOOK I.

HE that is pure of life, and void of ill,
Needs not the dart, nor wants the bowman's skill,
Whether through burning deserts he may haste,
Or turn his steps upon the rocky waste :
Or seeks, retreating from the mid-day's glow,
The spots where dull Hydaspes'-streamlets flow :
For as I wandered musing on my way,
And sang my love, my beauteous Lalage,
A horrid wolf in haste my footsteps fled,
Left me unhurt, and couched his coward head,

(A mightier monster than fierce Daunia's land
Has e'er begotten on its beechen strand.)

Or place me where no green and budding trees
Wave their light branches in the vernal breeze ;
Or in the land too near the glowing sun,
Which mortals for their habitations shun ;
There will I love my smiling Lalage,
There will I sing her praises all the day.

ISAIAH, CHAP. XXXV.

PARAPHRASE.

THEN Christ shall come : anon the desert plain
And lonely wilderness shall loud rejoice :
Soft as the rose the sterile earth shall bloom,
And praise with varied singing Him who reigns
The gracious King and Saviour of the world.
Strengthen the timid heart, and make more firm
The feeble knees of old age furrowed deep !
Be strong and fear not, for thy God will come,
A mighty God, and he will come and save.
Then shall the blind behold the light of day :

Then shall the deaf man hear the mighty sound ;
The lame shall walk, the dumb shall raise the song
Of joy and gladness ; and the running stream
Shall gush amid the desert : on the spot
Where dragons lay, shall perfumed flowerets blow.
No tawny ravenous lion shall be there,
Nor other hurtful beast ascend the hill ;
But there alone the blest redeem'd shall dwell ;
The ransomed captives there shall find a home :
And Zion's hill for ever shall resound
With songs and gladness, and eternal joy
Shall crown the happy blest, who ne'er shall know
Again the sighs and sorrows, which they met below.

THE HERMIT.

It is a long, long time ago,
 Within this pleasant dell,
Where streamlets flow, and jess'mines blow,
 A Hermit used to dwell.

Unheeded, lonely, and unknown,
 He tilled this humble spot ;
At rising Sun, his work began,
 Nor pined he at his lot.

You see yon spreading ivy bower
 Beneath that old oak tree :
'Twas there he sat at evening's hour,
 And held me on his knee ;

For I was young and happy then,
And every day at ev'n,
I left my playmates in the glen,
And crept away unseen ;

And when he heard my light footstep
Before the wicker gate ;
He knew I came the tale to hear
He 'd promised to relate :

And he told me of wars with the infidel,
In distant realms afar :
How many thousand brave knights fell
In the strife of the Holy War.

He shewed me his many scars, and told
How on the field he lay,
And how there came a wizard old,
And charmed his wounds away.

For he had once been a warrior brave,
And fought in Palestine,
With many who met an early grave
In shielding the holy shrine.

But all his tales are over now,
He's silent, he is dead :
He no more warms my youthful heart
With tales of the battle red.

We buried him under the old oak tree,
On the spot where he used to dwell :
Of the tears and the griefs of that lonely day,
Of its sorrows who shall tell ?

THE HUNTER'S REQUEST.

ARISE, my love, my fair awake,
Behold the morning's ray :
The winter now at last is gone,
The storm has past away.

The flowers appear upon the earth ;
Dost hear the sweet birds sing :
And how the lark that upward soars,
Doth herald in the Spring.

The tree puts forth her pale-green leaves
The vine her tender grape :
Arise, my fair one, haste away,
'Tis past the hour of sleep.

To the mountain height where wild goats play,
And eagles build their nest,
With joyous steps we'll haste away,
And on the high cliff rest ;

Then above where bounding torrents roll,
Look down the dizzy deep :
And clasp each other closer still,
As each desires to leap ;

Or let us chase the chamois swift,
Along the rugged height ;
And stop, and shudder as the depth,
Does break upon our sight.

Then leap the raging torrent o'er,
And still pursue the chase ;
And thou shalt urge my spirit on,
Sweet smiles upon thy face.

Then haste, my love, my fair, awake,

To climb the mountain's side :

Before the Sun illumes the sky,

Arise, my love, my pride.

REGRET.

A FEW short months, and grief has lost
Those pangs which time alone can heal,
And oft an hour of happiness
Will o'er our sorrow steal.

The form of him we all did love
Was laid beneath the mossy tomb :
We could not weep—the vacant heart
Would scarce believe its early doom.

At length it came, the trance was past—
That horrid moment when the mind
Awakened, feels the dreadful truth,
And no relief can find.

And was it true — was he no more,
Who had been all our hope, our joy ;
I turned to where my brother sat,
And smiling was the infant boy.

Poor child, so young and innocent,
How little knew he of the fate,
Which thus had made us fatherless,
And left our mother desolate.

It seemed to all a horrid dream,
An evening tale of sorrow told ;
We parted gay—and little thought
To ne'er again his face behold.

He was borne to his grave far away from his home,
But friends were around him there ;
And many a heart-broken sob was heard,
Though no cry of wild despair.

He is laid in his own native land which he loved,
In the land of his fathers he sleeps ;
The moss has grown over his humble tomb,
And o'er him the sad willow weeps.

But months since then have past away,
And nature wears a gayer hue ;
Our hours of joy are many now,
Our hours of sorrow few.

But still when eve in silence sheds
Its dews upon yon upland green,
We oft in sadness ramble on,
And think of what has been.

Oh say not memory always charms,
For memory has its sorrows too,
Though pleasing 'tis to silent think
Of those bright times we all once knew.

Of those gay times when sorrow's tear
Scarce ever dimmed our youthful eyes :
When all things round our happy home
Were the brightest of life's realities.

Regret is vain, and useless sighs
Will never bring the past again ;
Then let the hope of happier days
Its halo throw round present pain.

A few short years will roll away,
And we like him, shall be no more :
Oh may the God who ruleth all
Unite us on that radiant shore,

Where joy shall never fade, and woe
A tale of by-gone days shall be,
Where all is bright, where all is good,
And breatheth immortality.

FAREWELL.

IN a sweet vale where rippling streams
Flowing, sparkle in morning's beams,
Near lofty Delphi's ancient towers,
And woodland Nymphs' Corycian bowers,
Parnassus Mount, Castalian spring,
And Helicon, my song I sing.

Six summers' Suns have gone away
Since first I sang mine humble lay,
Since first I saw the Graces fair
Guarding divine Cephissus there :

Or still wandering far away,
By mount Cythæron passed my day,
Where the young Actæon, changed
To a stag, the forest ranged,
Till the dogs their master slew,
Thinking they a stag pursue.

I then on wings of silver bright,
To famed Olympus, urge my flight,
And in Tempe's vale repose,
Vale where every sweet flower blows ;
Or ascending Pelion high,
Dream in heavenly realms I fly :
This the spot in ancient time
Which the giants gaunt did climb,
And having gained the throne of Jove,
With the powers of Heaven strove.
Wandering thus one lovely day
I did meet a maiden gay,
And she thus to me did say :

“ Youth, no longer mid these scenes
“ Thou may’st live in fancy’s dreams,
“ For beyond these regions lie
“ Cities great, and towers high.
“ Thou must seek thy fortune there,
“ Thou must gain a damsel fair,
“ Thou must leave these haunts of bliss,
“ And all thoughts of them dismiss.
“ Haste thee, haste thee, far away,
“ Thou may’st here no longer stay.”

Thus she spake, and stood awhile,
As she at my grief did smile ;
Then again she kindly said :
“ Mourn not for this pleasant shade,
“ Bliss is there as well as here
“ Made more valued by a tear ;
“ Thou shalt meet with happiness,
“ Wife to love, and sons to bless ;
“ Go and fear not, God is near,
“ And he will thy sad spirits cheer.”

So I bade a fond farewell
To the hills, and lovely dell ;
Farewell say I now to thee,
Friend of my youth, Sweet Poesy !

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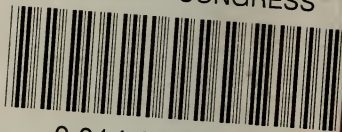
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